

De La Soul Lyrics

"My Writes"

(feat. Tash & J-Ro)

[ad libs for the first 30 seconds]

[Dove]

Yo - who hold guns and rock ice bigger than life;
got bitches throwin they drawers on stage - that ain't me!
I raise kids, push whips, piss an MC
Love money like I love my moms
Love my nigga Com Sense when he bang dents all up in they wallets
Wall to wall bullshit I got hardwood floors
Set sail for tour ever since eighty-nine
so y'all are fuckin the same hoes who used to be mine

[Tash]

And I've been waitin three summers to rhyme longside my people
Rico, De La, inject you with the lethal
dose of hop-hippin if you thought CaTash was slippin
then put that drink down, you drunk off what you sippin
CaTash put the dip in dip dive socialize
Fuck around with me and next you'll find yo' crib burglarized

[Xzibit]

Yo you better recognize and try to analyze this
Hand over fist - how can a man act like a bitch?
Change and switch, snitch on his crew
Yo get rid of the niggaz before the same thing happen to you

[Pos]

And they'll leave your ass sticky like glue
Blood leakin out, girls freakin out, motherfuckin cops tweakin out
Got you on your knees like a freak, jugglin deez nuts
Smugglin these cuts from S.C., you best be-
-lieve there's no web or leave a net
We done swallowed 40 bottles of threat, yo

[Chorus: all together]

What you know about my writes? (my writes)
What you know about what's weak, what's tight?
And what you know about an off night? (uhh)
What you know about niggaz frontin for the light?
And what you know about them gun fights? (gun fights)
Got a nigga duckin while them girls show fright
What you know about my writes? (my writes)
Ah what you know about my writes? (my writes)

[Xzibit]

Yeah, yeah, look

I'm Samson without Delilah, the soul survivor
The drunk driver that rolls straight, take the whole cake
Chop it up with the family, wash it down with alcohol
My telly's a Desert Eagle for all the fuckin shots I called
My niggaz gotta ball, never settle for less
Heavy metal, heavy on yo' chest like two breasts
Step into my office cause it's time for you to roll somethin
One false move, and we gon' beat you like you stole somethin

[Pos]

Yo these style I kick should be called *[?]* rap
Drawin the pussy out the nigga after my prize, cause I want it
They stomach what I throw, they know I'm right for they diet
They librarian flow keeps the party real quiet (shhhhhh)
The love I lost outweighs the rhymes I gain
but the fact that I spit 'em makes me cherish the name
So pass the mic so I can put in my share
I rip it from home to L.A.
with connectin flights to rip it elsewhere

[J-Ro]

Drinkin up Black & Tan in the back of a van
I learned as a young man - long trip, piss in a can
Gettin a house for two grand, now you got your own land
Let your mind expand, everyday have a plan
Ro-Gram is rare earth, swingin Black Tarzan
You got to live with the cards dealt in yo' hand
Stay young like Peter Pan, like Sly, take a Stand
and go Uptown Saturday Night like Ichiban

[Dove]

I keep it dirty like under the bed (dirty)
Dirty like Uncle Red; aiyyo, *[?]*
Dirty brown Likwit flow thicker than the Yoo-Hoo
Dirt you dishin out, chef tellin it all
Face down in the dirt, doin my dirty work
Expert, tryin to regulate my network
Head jerk, spice it with rice, stick with it
If they ask who cut the grits I'ma say E-Swift did it

[Chorus w/ minor variations]

[Tash]

And I've been known to get it on, past the break of the dawn
Tash'll punch you in your grill and leave "Potholes in Yo' Lawn"
(C'mon!) You makin diss songs? Spit that rhyme my way
I can shut y'all niggaz down like the Y-2-K
I did a tour in ninety-four with De La Soul and Tribe
We on the same vibe, cause real niggaz coincide
("Right-right-right..") The situation is drastic
but see songs like these is why this album goin classic

[J-Ro]

This is for the DJ, bring it back one time
I drop bombs like when my moms told me to rhyme
I'm - old school like my dad is
So add this, to your collect', Plug Won - who the baddest?

[Pos]

Aiyyo we theme park status, upstage these niggaz like Gladys
Them little Pips, they done tripped the wire
Blamin they legs, while I'm claimin these tunes
In this we'll stay down like seats found in sorority bathrooms

[Xzibit]

Yeah - we flat out classic, seperate the real from the plastic
and I gotta say no names
Play no games, hit the switches, crack the frame
Show no shame or fuck it all up, take the blame
Brand name fresh out the box type hustle
Manpower success is mind over muscle
Grind til the wheels fall off, accept the loss
I never been soft, whatever the cost, addicted to floss
Nailed to the cross it's time to return
My only concern is makin sure that Hollywood burn,
Hollywood burn, burn to the ground, trick-ass niggaz
is all up in the game and don't deserve to be down

[J-Ro]

Four bottle rap, twist the cap and kick back
De La, Xzibit and Tha Liks came to get that
And what you know about us droppin ya
and leavin you with half a face like the Phantom of the Opera?

[Chorus w/ minor variations]

[Chorus extended]

Ah what you know about my writes? (my writes)
Ah what you know about my writes? (my writes)

[Tash]

You got the right to shut the fuck up! *[laughing]*